

## The Washington Times

THE NATIONAL DAILY

Published Every Evening (including Sundays) by  
The Washington Times Company, Munsey Bldg., Pennsylvania Ave.  
Mail Subscriptions: 1 Year (Inc. Sundays), \$7.50; 3 Months, \$1.95; 1 Month, 65c.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1919.

### Why Not Some Welcome for the Boys From Washington?

The work of the Rocky Mountain Club, representing the Western and Pacific Coast States in welcoming returning soldiers of the West as they debark at New York sets an example which the District ought to be prompt to follow.

As things are now, a boy who went from the Capital of his country to fight for the world comes back to New York without a single representative from Washington to greet him.

He walks down the gangplank without seeing a face he ever saw before or hearing a word of welcome from anyone representing the folks at home.

It is not a very inspiring evidence of gratitude nor a very cheering welcome.

Washington should have a committee in New York to greet every home-coming District soldier.

If the people of the Pacific coast can by proxy stretch their hands clear across the continent to greet their boys, certainly a city a few hours from the debarkation point can arrange some sort of a welcome for its boys as they step off the ship.

There is sufficient advance information of the arrival of District men so that a committee could leave Washington and arrive in New York in ample time to extend the city's welcome.

A parade up the Avenue is a fine thing, but a handshake at the dock is much better and there are thousands of boys who will not be here for the parade and to whom no welcome will be given if Washington does not follow in some measure the splendid example of the Rocky Mountain Club and the States it represents.

### President Wilson and An Old Writer

The Vague Theory of Yesterday Is the Solemn Reality of Today.

You, perhaps, did not read all the three columns of the speech that President Wilson made when he presented and read out loud at the Peace Conference the Constitution of the League of Nations.

There was in that speech by President Wilson one brief passage, more hopeful, enthusiastic, HUMAN, than all the long, careful, studied writing of the League of Nations, with its twenty-six articles.

Mr. Wilson said:

"Now, if I may believe the picture which I see, there comes into the foreground the great body of the laboring people of the world, the men and women and children upon whom the great burden of sustaining the world must from day to day fall, whether we wish it to do so or not, people who go to bed tired and wake up without the stimulation of lively hope. These people will be drawn into the field of international consultation and help and will be among the wards of the combined governments of the world. This is, I take leave to say, a very great step in advance in the mere conception of that."

This is the most democratic, most radical expression of brotherhood that the world has heard from the responsible head of a big nation in many a year. Before the war it would have been laughed at as "Socialistic babbling." In the past those that have done most by their courage and teaching for the less prosperous class have worked for that class as they would for children, not taking them seriously. Even Voltaire, a great emancipator, pointed out that he did not write for his washwoman or his lackey.

But President Wilson sees, respects, and brings into the foreground the workers, the women and children, "the people who go to bed tired and wake up without the stimulation of hope."

For an interesting comparison, illustrating the manner in which Utopianism, the vague hope of one century, becomes the reality of another, compare the passage from Woodrow Wilson that you have just read with the following, written one hundred and twenty-five years ago by Volney, the French philosopher, in his "Ruins of Empire":

"A great tumult arose in the west, and turning to that quarter, I perceived, at the extremity of the Mediterranean, in one of the nations of Europe, a prodigious movement—such as when a violent sedition arises in a vast city—a numberless people, rushing in all directions, pour through the streets and fluctuate like waves in the public places. My ear, struck by the cries which resounded to the heavens, distinguished these words:

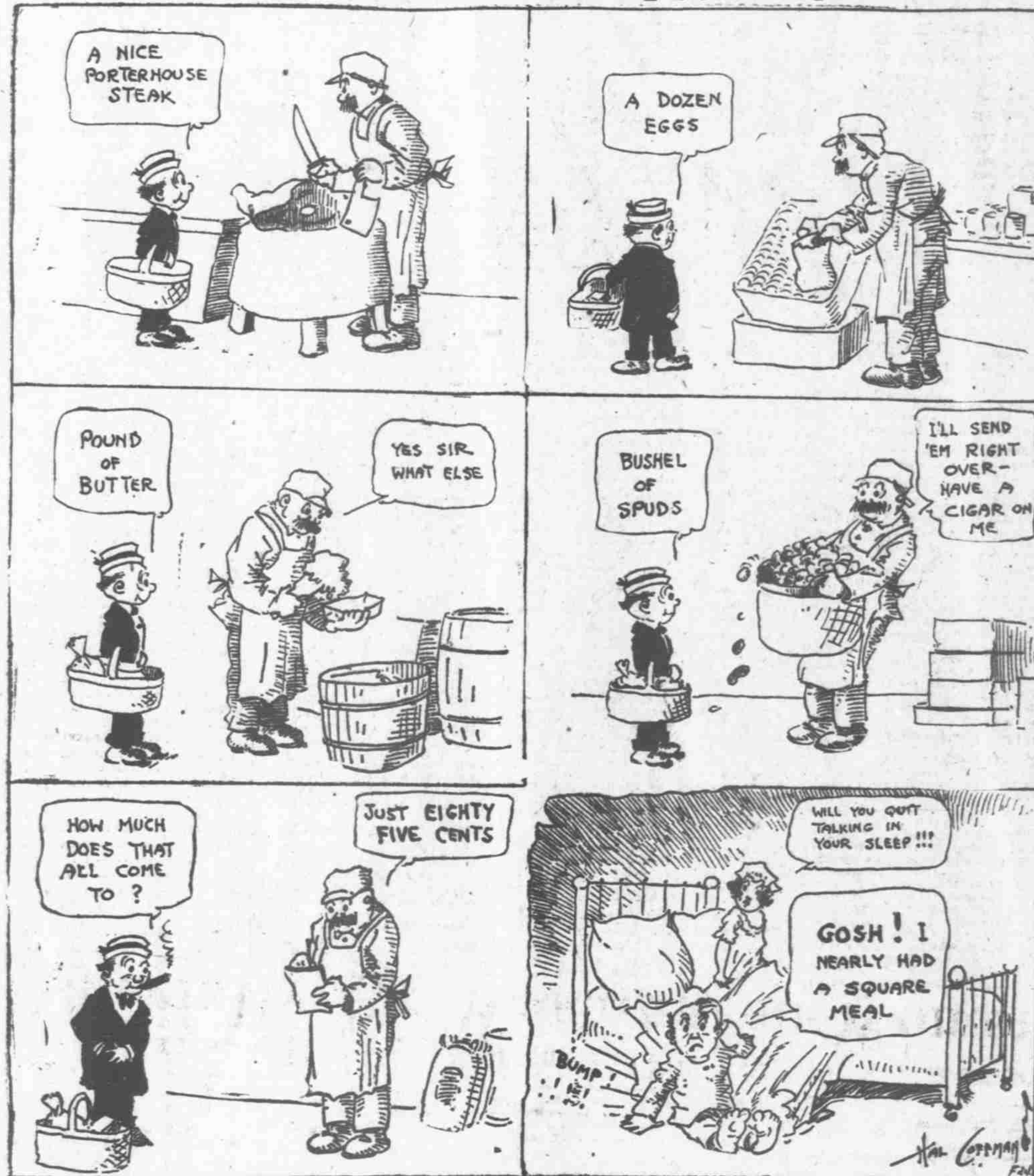
"What is this new prodigy? What cruel and mysterious scourge is this? We are a numerous people and we want lands! We have an excellent soil, and we are in want of subsistence! We are active and laborious, and we live in indigence! We pay enormous tributes, and we are told they are not sufficient! We are at peace without, and our persons and property are not safe within. Who, then, is the secret enemy that devours us?"

"Some voices from the midst of the multitude replied: 'Raise a discriminating standard, and let all those who maintain and nourish mankind by useful labors gather round it, and you will discover the enemy that preys upon you.'"

"The standard being raised, this nation divided itself

(Continued in Last Column.)

### Those Were the Happy Days



### Beatrice Fairfax Writes of the Problems and Pitfalls of the War Workers Especially for Washington Women

A LETTER containing a highly interesting suggestion came in my mail today. It was written by a mother terrified by the number of street accidents in Washington and who wonders if we "cannot be as progressive here as in other cities."

Her suggestion is entirely practical, and has been on the statute books for years of happier towns whose taxpayers have a voice in their own welfare. Her suggestion has to do with "play-streets" and traffic regulation in the neighborhood of schools.

It is a little difficult for my correspondent, as with other temporary residents of Washington, to realize just why the taxpayers of the National Capital are relegated to the same plane of voteless irresponsibility as the inmates of the zoo.

She sees as the result of this system, i. e., having to depend on our "charm" and powers of wheedling to get things accomplished, the gross mismanagement of Washington street cars, accidents out of all proportion to the population, and the difficulty of getting sufficient money to administer the public health. And this in spite of the anti-suffrage tip that "indirect influence" is more potent than suffrage.

The full flower of "indirect influence" and "charm" versus votes may be seen any day during the rush hours on the Ham-Hamilton street car system of Washington. Will some of the gentlemen wheelers and cajolers whose hair has turned white and whose beards have grown long in applying the "indirect influence" and "charm" system to conditions in Washington, tell the anti-suffrage Lorelei that the tip is a delusion? Or they might gather beneath the windows of the Organization Opposed to Woman Suffrage—where, by the way, a man is in charge—and sing: "You made me what I am today; I hope you're satisfied."

Deport Circle and the Force School.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Being a war resident of Washington and my husband at present in France, I am amazed at conditions here, particularly in regard to traffic.

### A Mother's Opinion of Washington

Why do we not have "play-streets," as other cities, where the lives of children are evidently considered of more importance than in Washington.

Take that wheel of destruction, Dupont Circle, for instance, and adjacent Force School, where hundreds of children must risk life and limb three times a day crossing that death zone. Would it not be possible, during the hours that pupils arrive and leave the school, to have some better traffic regulations?

I have three children all under the age of ten years who attend the Force, and three times a day, I am forced to plod back and forth to protect them from the speed maniacs who dash around Dupont Circle without paying the least attention to the traffic regulations.

Other cities in which I have lived have certain streets after school hours, so that children may play and mothers enjoy a little peace of mind at home. Could we not have something of this sort for the congested school districts, at least, could not an extra policeman be spared for Dupont Circle during the hours in which children arrive and depart from school?

MARY A. G.

The Cost of Having Ideals.

MY DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Please give us some advice. We are two Southern girls and have been raised, I suppose, in the old-fashioned way. Of course, we like

men, the educated class, as we are both college graduates, and we are used to the easy association with both sexes with no thought of evil, which as perhaps you know, is customary in the cultivated circles of the South. But since our sojourn in the Nation's Capital, we have discovered, alas, that we are many years behind the times, as the girls we meet who get the attentions have very different standards. The men openly "vamp" them; they get the easy jobs, in fact draw their pay with a modicum of work, and the whole office world smiles on them. This is a question which is bothering us and we want enlightenment. If what has been taught us all our lives is wrong and "if you are good you are lonely," as they say in vaudeville, we want to know it, before it is too late.

TWO SOUTHERN GIRLS.

It is only natural, when you see girls of no standards apparently having all the good times, you should question the cost of maintaining ideals. I say, apparently having a good time, because if you opened my mail some fine morning, you would realize there is a good deal of heartache masquerading as gaiety.

The young women of whom you speak who live in a world of attention, realize the pathos of their

position perfectly. They know that the men who squander money on them never for a moment put them on the same plane with the women of their own families. And a good deal of wounded pride has to be swallowed along with the dinners and the little suppers after the theaters.

As one of these girls wrote to me, the other day: "I know I am only a temporary fate, but he need not rub it in so persistently." Another of these girls, after spending every cent she could scrape together for a trousseau, and going in debt besides, made the appalling discovery that the man was married. He had a way of singing, with untold meaning: "When the spring time comes, gentle Annie," and as her first name happened to be Annie, she understood it to mean the church door, Lohengrin and showers of rice. The first intimation of the real state of affairs was a letter from his wife beginning: "I am so sorry to hear that Jimmie has been acting foolishly again."

I fancy poor Annie would have cheerfully welcomed a few lone-some hours for her emotions as she went to the shop and asked them if they wouldn't take back the lingerie. The right man and the right wife in life are well worth waiting for—ideals may seem luxuries at times, but it's a pretty sordid sort of life that can't afford to maintain a few of them.

A Fickle Young Gentleman of 18.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

A young gentleman of eighteen has been coming to see me for one year. And it seemed as if he really loved me, but here of late he does not seem to care for me. Kindly advise me shall I give him up, as he seems to care for someone else. A CONSTANT READER.

The young gentleman seems to have solved this question for you, by transferring his attention to someone else. I dare say you are as young as he is, so why bother your head about such things at your time of life. Take up something useful, learn how to cook or, if this does not appeal to you, take up a language. Sitting around a prey to your emotions is very "bad medicine" at eighteen.

### Car Service Seems Poor Again

By EARL GODWIN.

Despite the addition of many new cars on both roads, there is always a terrific crush, at the rush hours at least, and on some lines there never is an hour, day or night, when the service meets the requirements of the traveling public.

"I thought Old Doc Beeler, the traffic expert, was going to fix all this rush-hour business," says the public. "I thought he was going to get each of us a seat."

Here's the truth about Doc Beeler: All he could do was to RECOMMEND.

The Public Utilities Commission and the railroads would do the rest.

Truth to tell, Doc Beeler did MORE for the people of this city than anyone else ever did. Had the Utilities Commission adopted all of his recommendations there would not be nearly the rush-hour crush there is today. Had the Beeler Belt Line around the city been built there would be a vastly different tale to tell.

Beeler put over the staggered hour system, for which many Government clerks are clamoring again. I believe that if the people thoroughly understood the whole Beeler program and would adopt their side of it, and if the Public Utilities Commission would enforce the other side of it, we would be almost entirely without railroad complaint as far as car service goes.

### HEARD AND SEEN

I met CHARLES W. DARR in a lunch room (the best in the city, believe me), and he said: "I've been wanting to give you a dollar for the BETTY LEHMANN flag for more than a week, and here it is."

Mr. DARR's subscription is to commemorate MATHEW MYERS, a Washington boy who died for his country in France.

And another from a girl, who writes: "This bit is added to the Gold Star fund in memory of the heroic death of CHAS. STRATTON WEAVER by a girl friend who will never forget him. He was a corporal of Company K, Third D. C. Infantry, and would not have been in action if he had not asked for service in the trenches. We cannot honor him enough."

THE BETTY LEHMANN flag is a white banner with a great gold star and over the star the words "The Boys We Left Behind." It will be carried by wounded men, decorated for bravery, and preceded in the parade by riders on horses. It will be the ONLY thing in the victory parade to commemorate the men who died. It is not yet paid for. Haven't you a friend who died for whom you could subscribe?

What is that mottled thing in front of child?

Love and Wheat Cakes

A captain in the Quartermaster Corps recently back from France sat eating "wheat cakes" in Childs. A young lady sat opposite him. She wore a pin, the insignia of the Quartermaster Corps. The captain saw the pin and said: "You must have my pin, I've lost mine," and pointed to his collar. The young lady replied: "This one was given to me." The captain said: "I paid for mine," then said to the waiter: "Bring me another order of wheat cakes—make it two orders."

ANOTHER CUSTOMER

What do visiting foreigners think when they find that inmates of the District have no votes?

I have lived in many cities, but to my best belief this is the first in which there has not been available, either as a public or private enterprise, some sort of street-car guide. Did you ever see a car stop where one or more people did not stop the car long enough to find out if it is the right one to take to destination. In this city of all cities where there are more people needing such information than anywhere else in this country there certainly has been neglected an opportunity to help time and congestion. No doubt it is easy to old-timers, but I confess that after living here for a year it still bothers me to know if it is F street on G street, and many times street-car employees themselves have been unable to direct me.

H. C.

### President Wilson and An Old Writer

(Continued From First Column.)

at once into two bodies of unequal magnitude and contrasted appearance. The one, innumerable, and almost total, exhibited in the poverty of its clothing, in its emaciated appearance and sunburnt faces, the marks of misery and labor; the other, a little group, an insignificant fraction, presented in its rich attire embroidered with gold and silver, and in its sleek and ruddy faces, the signs of leisure and abundance.

"Considering these men more attentively, I found that the great body was composed of farmers, artificers, merchants, all professions useful to society, and that the little group was made up of priests of every order, of financiers, of nobles, of men in livery, of commanders of armies; in a word, of the civil, military and religious agents of government."

"These two bodies being assembled face to face, and regarding each other with astonishment, I saw indignation and rage arising in one side, and a sort of panic in the other. And the large body said to the little one: 'Why are you separated from us? Are you not of our number?'"

"No," replied the group; "you are the people; we are a privileged class, who have our laws, customs and rights peculiar to ourselves."

"PEOPLE—'And what labor do you perform in our society?'"

"PRIVILEGED CLASS—None; we are not made to work."

"PEOPLE—'How, then, have you acquired these riches?'"

"PRIVILEGED CLASS—'By taking the pains to govern you.'"

"PEOPLE—'What! Is this what you call governing? We toil and you enjoy! We produce and you dissipate! Wealth proceeds from us and you absorb it. Privileged men! Class who are not the people! Form a nation apart and govern yourselves.'"

"Then the little group, deliberating on this new state of things, some of the most honorable among them said: 'We must join the people and partake of their labors and burdens, for they are men like us and our riches come from them.' But others arrogantly exclaimed: 'It would be a shame, an infamy, for us to mingle with the crowd; they are born to serve us. Are we not men of another race—the noble and pure descendants of the conquerors of this empire? This multitude must be reminded of our rights and its own origin.'"